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## The Lantern, Chester S.C.-October 15, 1897

J T. Bigham

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# THE LANTERN.

Vol. I. No. 3.

CHESTER, S. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1897.

PUBLISHED TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.  
Subscription Price, \$2.00 Cash.

## THE CORNERSTONE

Of the New Methodist Church,  
Laid Oct. 12, 1897, at 4 P. M.

### PROGRAM.

Hymn, read by Rev. D. N. McLaughlin:  
On this stone, now laid with prayer,  
Let thy church rise, strong and fair;  
Ever, Lord, thy name be known,  
Where we lay this corner-stone.  
Let thy Holy Child, who came,  
Man from error to reclaim,  
And for sinners to atone,  
Bless with thee this corner-stone.  
May thy Spirit here give rest  
To the heart by sin oppressed,  
And the seeds of truth be sown,  
Where we lay this corner-stone.  
Open wide, O God, thy door,  
For the outcast and the poor,  
Who can call no house their own,  
Where we lay this corner-stone.

Prayer, offered by Dr. S. A. Weber.  
Scripture selections, read by Rev. H. C. Buchholz.  
Historical sketch, read by Rev. J. O. Grier.  
Announcements of stones, announced by Rev. J. S. Moffatt.  
Contents deposited in stone, by Rev. A. N. Brunson.  
Dedicatory sentence, pronounced by Rev. J. B. Campbell.  
Address, delivered by Rev. J. Walter Daniel.  
Doxology.  
Benediction, by Rev. S. H. Zimmerman.

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### THE ADDRESS.

Rev. J. W. Daniel, of Baltimore, having for several years served the Chester Methodist church as pastor, was well qualified to make the address at the laying of the corner stone on Tuesday afternoon. He said that few congregations can claim a better record than this one for the past sixty years. The speaker declared that his plea came from his children, not from his own testimony of their own estimate of holy things than their houses of worship. Buildings should be erected with that which is God's. Men build worthy edifices, and leave them to their children as incentives to worship. As we trace the soul and inspiration of a great artist through the lines he draws in the picture, so we read the church by its monuments. Paul in his letters to the Corinthians gives great lessons of how to build. He drew his lessons from the handiwork of the Corinthian people. God puts wonderful forces into man's hands. Mr. Daniel spoke of his strong belief in Divine Selection, and used Paul's life and its fruits as an illustration. If Paul's life had been spent in conservative Asia instead of Europe, what different results

would have followed! The Anglo-Saxons are charged with the spread of Christianity, and stand for all that is God-like. We need have no fears about the materialism that is in the world. The progress of the Anglo-Saxon nations is lighting up every corner of the earth, and even the Chinese are investigating Christian civilization.

### HISTORICAL SKETCH.

There are two versions concerning the organization of a Methodist church in Chester. The first gives the year 1818 as the date of organization, with Mrs. Margaret Patterson and her daughters, Mary Ann, Jane and Elizabeth Patterson, and Mrs. Priscilla Terry, and others of unknown names as members.

By this account the Reverend John Howard was the preacher who effected this organization, and he preached in the Courthouse of the town. This version came from the Reverend Timothy Lipsey, and was transcribed by the Reverend John W. Humbert. The Reverend Timothy Lipsey was converted and joined the church at Bethlehem, in the lower section of the county, to the west of Blackstock.

The other version concerning the organization of Methodism in the town of Chester, gives the year 1837 as the time. This is the statement of the Reverend Abel M. Chreitberg, D. D., who states that the organization embraced as members, Timothy R. Lipsey, the son of a Methodist preacher, and for a long time himself an exhorter, James Graham, Robin Walker, Mrs. Priscilla Terry, Adeline Stokes, and a colored man named Isaac McDonald.

This was also the understanding of the Reverend Samuel Leard, who preached here as early as 1835. It is agreed on all hands that there was no Methodist house of worship at Chester earlier than 1838, the Courthouse being used by them as a place of worship until that date. About this period Dr. Chreitberg writes as follows: "Few living know what Chesterville was sixty or seventy years ago. In 1830 or thereabouts, it was called Chester Hill, settled by many Scotch Irish. The 'Good Critter' abounded, and to many the name was changed to Chester Hill. There were no churches; the Courthouse was used as such. Gospel hymns, prayers, sermons, sentences, pleadings, shows of all kinds, fun, frolic and profanity, all mixed together. This of course could not last. The Baptists were the first to project a church and the material laid on the ground that year—1830.

The Presbyterians worshipped at Old Purty, a few miles out.

The Methodists had no church nearer than Smith's now Capers' Chapel, only a few members in the village. The venerable Mrs. Terry (said to have occupied the lot now used as the residence of Dr. G. B. White, within sight and hearing of this house) was the *Matriarch* of Chester Methodism. Her home was the preacher's home. Maj. John Kennedy, an Irishman, was a good friend of the Methodists in those days. He was a Baptist.

Timothy R. Lipsey well represented the stalwart Methodism of that day. His emotional nature was strong, and his sincerity beyond question. Robin Walker belonged to the ancient family of that name, noted as Charter Asburian Methodists on Sandy River, related to the Hardins, so long and so well known as good Christians. Modest and almost diffident was Robin Walker, but liberal, as were all the Hardins. Samuel Mobley lived near in 1835, an active and liberal member. He moved to the west. Mrs. Susan Stokes, E. J. West and Mrs. Adeline Sledge were worthy members.

The first house of worship was built by the Methodists in Chester, on what is now called Centre street, in 1838. The lot was mainly donated by Thomas McClure. The

chief-promoters of the enterprise were Robin Walker, Timothy R. Lipsey and James Graham. The builder was George McCormack. The house was of wood. Reverend Alexius M. Forster was pastor, and Hartwell Spain was presiding elder. Timothy R. Lipsey was class leader, steward and trustee, Robin Walker was trustee. The first house of worship was sold in 1870 to the Associate Reformed Church, but was used by the Methodists until 1872, at which time a brick church was erected on York street, at a cost of about four thousand dollars. The lot on which this building is situated was donated by William H. Hardin and the late Giles J. Patterson. These two, with George A. Albright, now dead, constituted the building committee. This house was constructed by George B. Anderson, and is of brick. In 1886 this building was refurnished, renovated and improved, at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars. The pastor that year was Reverend Thomas E. Wannamaker, and the presiding elder was Reverend A. J. Cauthen.

On Sunday, the 11th of April, 1897, there was a called meeting of the male members of the church to consider the advisability of erecting a new parsonage. That meeting was held on the following day in the church, and was presided over by George W. Gage. A committee was appointed to consider the advisability of selling the old parsonage property, or of erecting a new house on the old lot. Through the chairman, this committee reported to another meeting of the congregation held on the 18th of April, advising the sale of the present parsonage building and the erection of another on the same lot.

At the conclusion of the committee's report, Mr. L. D. Childs moved that whereas Mrs. M. V. Patterson had offered to donate a lot and twenty-five hundred dollars (to which he added five hundred dollars on his own account), the offer be accepted and preparations be at once begun to build a new church. After some discussion the motion was carried, and L. D. Childs, J. R. Simrill and Mrs. M. V. Patterson were appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions. At another congregational meeting, held 22d April, 1897, a building committee was appointed to undertake the work, composed of the following members, to wit: L. D. Childs, George W. Gage, J. Lyles Glenn, William H. Hardin, Joel R. Simrill, Albert Steinkuhler, Mrs. M. V. Patterson, Miss Lizzie Coussar and Miss Annie Hardin.

The Rev. J. E. Grier was there after added to the committee, and made chairman.

The action of the church in appointing the committee was confirmed by the Quarterly Conference 2d July, 1897.

Meantime, about the middle of May, 1897, Messrs. Hayden & Wheeler, of Atlanta, were employed as architects for the new building.

On 20th July, 1897, the contract for erecting the house was let to Messrs. Wagner & Gorenflo, of Atlanta, for the sum of nine thousand nine hundred and twenty dollars.

Dirt was broken on September 11th, 1897, and the first brick was laid on the twentieth of the same month.

The contract for seating the building was awarded to the Grand Rapids School Furniture Company, for the glass to V. E. Orr, of Atlanta.

The corner stone of the building was donated by Mr. Joseph Wylie, of the Associate Reformed church. A portion of the lot was donated by Dr. G. B. White, of the same church.

Mr. W. H. Murr presented the tin box in which the articles were deposited in the corner stone.

### LIST OF PASTORS.

The following is a record of the preachers who served the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South at Chester, South Carolina, from the year 1832 to the year 1897:

Chester was incorporated with Sandy River Circuit in 1830, with S. Dunwoody and Henry Heath as preachers.  
1831, S. Dunwoody and William M. Kelly.  
1832-33, William M. Kennedy, presiding elder.  
1834, J. H. Robinson and A. B. McIlvray.  
1835, W. T. Smith and Whiteford Smith.

Changed in 1834 to Winstboro Circuit.  
1834-35, Bond English, Presiding Elder.  
1836, Joseph Holmes and J. H. Wheeler.  
1837, J. W. Townsend and Samuel Leard.  
1838-37, M. McPherson, Presiding Elder.  
1838, E. LeGett and W. R. Smith.  
1839, S. W. Capers and W. C. Kirkland.  
1840-41, Hartwell Spain, Presiding Elder.  
1842, A. M. Forster and R. J. Limehouse.

1843, W. C. Patterson and Samuel Townsend.  
1844, W. C. Patterson and W. C. Collier.  
1845, Daniel G. McDaniel and Z. W. Barnes.  
1846-47, Charles Betts, Presiding Elder.  
1848, Daniel G. McDaniel and D. J. Simmons.  
1849, John Watts and J. A. Porter.  
1850, John Watts and J. W. Wightman.  
1851, P. D. Bowman and John Tarrant.  
1852-49, N. Talley, Presiding Elder.  
1850, P. G. Bowman and W. G. Courter.  
1851, P. A. M. Williams and F. X. Forster.  
1852, P. A. M. Williams and M. L. Banks.  
1853, Samuel Leard and J. W. J. Harris.

1854-53, S. W. Capers, Presiding Elder.  
1850, Samuel Leard and J. O. A. Conner.  
1851, A. McCorquodale and E. J. Meynardie.  
1852, William Martin and R. P. Franks.  
1853, John A. Porter and William Smith.

In 1854 the name of the circuit was changed to Winstboro and Chesterville.  
1854, E. J. Meynardie.  
1855, James H. Ward.  
In 1856 the name of the circuit was abbreviated to Chesterville.

1856, J. H. Robinson and J. M. Cline.  
1857, Samuel Townsend.  
1858-60, W. A. Gamewell, Presiding Elder.  
1858, Miles Puckett.  
1860, A. G. Stacy.  
1860-64, Robert J. Boyd, Presiding Elder.  
1860, A. G. Stacy.  
1861-63, John R. Pickett.  
1864-67, Samuel Leard.  
1865-68, Presiding Elder.  
1868, J. E. Watson.  
1869-72, S. H. Brown, Presiding Elder.  
1869, P. G. Bowman.  
1870, J. S. Nelson, J. R. Pickett, Super.

1871, E. J. Meynardie and R. D. Smart.  
1872, J. T. Kilgo.  
1873-74, J. W. Humbert.  
1875, William Martin, Presiding Elder.  
1876, Thomas Mitchell and G. W. Walker.  
1874-75, W. H. Flemming, Presiding Elder.  
1876, Thomas Mitchell and A. C. Walker.  
1876-79, E. J. Meynardie, Presiding Elder.

At the Conference of 1876 the town of Chester was set up into a station.  
1877-78, J. E. Carlisle.  
1879-80, A. H. Lester.  
1880-83, A. M. Chreitberg, Presiding Elder.  
1881-82, George T. Harmon.  
The Chester District organized 1883.  
1883-84, John M. Carlisle.  
1884-87, A. J. Cauthen, Presiding Elder.  
1885-86, Thomas E. Wannamaker.  
1887-88, H. F. Chreitberg.  
1889-91, A. M. Chreitberg, Presiding Elder.  
1890, W. W. Daniel.  
1891-93, J. Walter Daniel.  
1892-95, G. T. Harmon, Presiding Elder.  
1894, R. A. Child.  
1895-96, M. L. Carlisle.  
1897, James E. Grier.

In 1895 the name of the District was changed to Rock Hill, and the Rev. J. B. Campbell was made Presiding Elder for 1896 and '97.

## BUCK KILGORE.

Good Stories of the Iron-Framed but Kind-Hearted Texan.

There are men in every quarter of the Union who will regret to hear of the death of Judge Constantine B. Kilgore, of Ardmore, I. T. For eight years "Buck" Kilgore was a notable man at this capital. In person he was the typical Texan. Above 6 feet tall, above 16 stone in weight, above the average congressman in ability, above the average man in sincerity, straight as an Indian and as strong as an ox, "Buck" Kilgore was a marked man, wherever he appeared. It was the kicking down of the door leading from the legislative chamber to the house lobby that gave him notoriety. It was characteristic of the man. He wanted to go into the lobby, the messenger shut the door in his face; he knew he had a right to go into the lobby without asking the consent of Tom Reed or any other man. He raised his foot, clothed in an enormous cowhide boot, and kicked the door down and went his way. The notoriety that attached to him on account of the act was always distasteful to him.

Except Dick Bland and Amos Cummings, there was no more Democratic looking man in congress. The boys on the Avenue called him "Buck" and after he kicked the door down every gam in Washington was ambitious to shine his boots. Many of them boasted of the honor, who drew on their imaginations, as George IV did when he claimed to have borne a conspicuous part in the battle of Waterloo. Kilgore did not have his boots shined every day. When he first landed he took rooms on C street, not far from the Capitol. After breakfast he went out for a stroll. A colored boy proposed a shine. "What's your name?" asked "Buck." "George Washington," replied the boy. "It's an honor I did not expect," replied Kilgore; "you can't pitch right in." During the whole session "Buck" would walk half a dozen squares to give that boy the job of shining his boots.

During the war he was ordered home to assist gathering up some deserters. One evening about dusk he was out in the country in quest of a deserter who had been off the "layout" for a year. He was very hungry and very weary. He called at a house by the roadside and there he found a woman just taking from the spit a nicely broiled chicken. The savor of the chicken made him ravenous. He had a Mexican dollar in his pocket, which he had carried for years and to which he was much attached, but he was bound to have that chicken, and he pulled out the dollar and proposed a trade—the coin for the fowl. The lady said that the chicken was for a sick friend and that she could not sell it. "But," she continued, "I'll jump you for it." "What do you mean?" said Buck. "I mean that we will see which can jump the farthest from this doorkill out into the yard, and the one of us that jumps the farthest shall have both chicken and dollar." "All right; that suits me exactly," said Buck. The dollar was placed on the dish beside the chicken, and his gun was leaned against the wall by the door, and Buck slung his arms and made a tremendous leap over 12 feet. He recovered with difficulty, and when he turned to the door there was the lady with his cocked gun in her hands, with the butt against her shoulder and finger on the trigger. "Now, you just lift the gravel down that road, young man, or I'll make buzzard's food of you before hell can singe a spout," she ordered. There was shoot in her eyes, "buck and ball" in the gun. So "Buck" flinched the gravel, "his bosom swollen with impotent rage." By this time it was dark. Over in a field "Buck" spied a ginhouse. He went to it and climbed into the loft, lay down on the floor and was soon fast asleep. After a time he was awakened by voices down below. He listened and made the discovery that one was a female voice, and a moment later he realized that she was retaining the hanging coat, so to speak, which gave vent to peal after peal of laughter. There were the chicken and his dollar which he could see by the light of the tallow dip. Peering about he saw his gun also. There was a big hole in the floor of the loft, and just as the man took hold of the dish to eat the chicken "Buck" plunged down that hole and seized his gun. Before they recovered from their astonishment "Buck" roared out, "Madame, you just lift the gravel back home, and as for this gentleman he and I will lift gravel to the office of the provost marshal. He is the deserter that I have been after for a week."

There was shoot in "Buck's" eye now. The woman lifted. "Buck" recovered his dollar, ate the chicken, and before midnight surrendered his prisoner to the provost marshal. It was worth a journey across the continent to hear "Buck" tell the story.—Washington Post.

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J. T. BIGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at Chester, S. C., as second-class mail matter.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1897.

JUDGE ALDRICH has ruled that a man over 65 years of age is disqualified, by the new constitution, for service as a juror.

OUR exchanges are very kind. We print what some of them have to say about THE LANTERN. The trouble is that they are saying so much that is good about other things that we want to print it all.

MR. L. D. CHILDS, Chairman of the State prohibition Committee, thinks that the whiskey question has narrowed down to a fight between high license and prohibition. He believes that a prohibition law would have the moral support of a majority of the people of the State and consequently its enforcement would be better than that of the dispensary law.

INASMUCH as the dispensary law forbids a citizen of this State to sell intoxicating liquors except under certain conditions, Judge Buchanan is of the opinion that it is not discriminating against a citizen of another state to forbid his selling, even in original packages, without complying with the same conditions—and this appears to us a reasonable opinion. But we are no lawyer, neither are we an advocate of the dispensary.

#### What The Paper's Say.

Chester Bulletin: THE LANTERN, a semi-weekly newspaper, made its appearance here Friday evening. Mr. J. T. Bigham is publisher. The ink is good.

Lancaster Ledger: Chester has a new paper, "THE LANTERN." It is published semi-weekly and is up to date in every particular. Mr. J. T. Bigham is its editor. Subscription price \$2. per year.

Chester Reporter: The first issue of THE LANTERN, a semi-weekly paper published in Chester, J. T. Bigham, proprietor, made its appearance on 8th instant. It is neatly printed and filled with the local news of the week.

Newberry Observer: We welcome THE LANTERN, to our exchange list. It is a new semi-weekly published at Chester; J. T. Bigham, editor and proprietor. THE LANTERN will hold its own, judging from the first issue.

Abbeville Press and Banner: We have received the first copy of the Chester LANTERN, which is edited by Mr. J. T. Bigham. The paper is as neat as a pin, and the editorials are first-class. The Press and Banner extends good wishes for the success of THE LANTERN and its worthy editor.

A. R. Presbyterian: We gladly welcome THE LANTERN of Chester to our exchange list. It made its first appearance on 8th instant. It is a six column four paged semi-weekly; at \$2 a year. It is well gotten up and full of matter. We quote from it liberally in this issue. May the light of THE LANTERN ever shine.

Gaffney Ledger: We are in receipt of Vol. 1, No. 1, of THE LANTERN, published semi-weekly at Chester. It is full of bright and breezy items which reflect credit upon Brother Bigham and the hustling little city which it is intended that it should light up. May it radiate and illuminate until its influence for good is felt all over the land.

Gastonia Gazette: The ink still clings to Mr. J. T. Bigham's fingers. The semi-weekly recently announced has just been launched by him at Chester, S. C., and its name is THE LANTERN. It is a four-page six-column paper published twice a week for \$2 cash—no pay, no paper, and is anything but a "dark lantern." Long may its light shine.

Winnsboro News and Herald: THE LANTERN is the name of a new paper, which made its first appearance on Friday. THE LANTERN is edited by Mr. J. T. Bigham, and will be published on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Yorkville Enquirer: Chester has a handsome new semi-weekly newspaper called THE LANTERN. It is published by Mr. J. T. Bigham, at \$2 a year, and the first number, which came to hand last Friday, sets forth in appearances that are not to be underestimated, that if the venture proves a failure, it will not be on account of any fault of the publisher or editor.

Lancaster Enterprise: The initial number of THE LANTERN, a semi-weekly paper, has made its appearance in Chester. It is a 6 column quarto, beautifully printed, and well edited. Its Editor and publisher is Mr. J. T. Bigham, who for several years was editor of the Gastonia (N. C.) Gazette. In a circular sent out in advance of the appearance of the paper the Editor promised that whatever influence he might possess should be exerted for all that is cleanest and best, socially, morally and politically, and in his first issue he renews that promise. We gladly welcome THE LANTERN to our exchange list.

Rock Hill Herald: The initial number of THE LANTERN, the semi-weekly paper published in Chester by J. T. Bigham, has been received at this office. It is a sprightly sheet, well printed on large type, and has entered the field determined to succeed. Brother Bigham says "his pocket-book is all his own," wherefore we congratulate him. Chester is a live town, growing as fast as brick and mortar can be put together, with snap and enterprise enough to appreciate a good thing when it sees it and therefore THE LANTERN has a "reasonable hope" of weathering the storms which will beset it. May our neighbor ever be "a lamp to the feet and a light to the path" of the good people in whose interest it is published.

#### MARGINALIA.

...He that flies from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him and makes me poor indeed—Othello.

Never did there live a viler scoundrel than Iago. His character stands the epitome of cunning and heartless villainy. None ever better understood than he what the flogging of a good name means. His deliberate planning to blast the character and the life of Desdemona makes one's blood run cold. He is avenging himself on no wrong—real or imaginary. With a ghoul's satisfaction he watches Othello writhing under the diabolical torment which Iago himself has kindled.

Three centuries of civilization with the softening influences of Christianity has not removed from the English speaking society the spirit of Iago. In society now are men and women who devise plans whereby they may wreck the happiness of those against whom they have no just complaint. With merciless tongue they inflict upon their fellows heartaches and anguish. The humblest cottager and the prosperous business man are alike victims. The private citizen and the man in public life are alike pursued by the modern Iago, whose only pleasure is to see his victims cringe.

An inordinate craving for something startling often beguiles us into coloring our gossip. Proxy matter-of-fact statements of what others have said or done do not command sufficient attention. We enlarge upon the item to catch the attention of indifferent or surfeited listeners. In the attempt to make ourselves entertaining or impressive, we forget the injury which we are doing even to our warmest friend.

Many good men are deterred from taking any part in public life because they are unwilling to encounter an organized band of traducers. In this way the country loses the services of many of its best citizens. Men of no regard for truth or de-

ciency recklessly assail the character of their neighbors, and thus manufacture every occultous word they utter, and do so with the sole object of political assassination.

It requires a close listener and a careful talker to repeat another's words with fidelity. The paraphrasing of a thought, the omission of a phrase, the addition of a word, or a misplaced inflection; may put the author in an entirely wrong light. In an unguarded moment we unconsciously misquote or misrepresent another, doing him almost irreparable injury. Although the injured one may never know of our mistake, he pays the penalty.

#### Lowryville Letter.

Mrs. Sylvanus Erwin, who has been quite unwell, is better.

Mrs. A. M. Titman, and Mrs. Jas. S. Darby spent the day in Chester Tuesday.

The elegant modern cottage of Mrs. Kirkpatrick, in the northern part of town, is nearing completion.

Capt. B. J. Ross, the genial agent of the C. & N. W. railroad, and Dr. E. T. Anderson, our popular and accommodating druggist, went to Chester Tuesday.

Miss Judith Harden, of Armenia, entered the High School Monday.

The ginning company is preparing to build a large seed-cotton storage warehouse at an early date.

Some of the Lowryville people contemplate going to Cliffs, N. C., Friday.

Cotton-picking is about done for this season.

#### Memory.

Musing on days of long ago,  
Methinks I hear my mother sing,  
In gentle murmurs soft and low,  
"Sweet is the work, my God, my King."

And often on the day most blest  
Of all the seven, I seem to hear,  
"Sweet is the day of sacred rest"  
Floating upon the ambient air.  
And then that sweet peculiar prayer  
To Christian bosoms ever dear,  
"O! may my harp in tune be found  
Like David's harp of solemn sound."  
"My heart shall triumph in the Lord"

Sounds out in an exulting strain.  
And of that sweet hymn every word  
I seem to hear her sing again.  
O! mother, though above thy grave  
For three score years the grass grows wild,  
Still backward borne on memory's wave  
To-night I am a little child.  
—Mrs. M. W. Watson, Chester, S. C.

#### Government Report.

Washington, Oct. 11.—The cotton returns to the department of agriculture indicate an average condition on Oct. 1, of 70.0 as compared with 78.3 on Sept. 1, a decrease of 8.3 points. The average condition October 1, 1896, was 90.7, and the average condition on Oct. 1, for the last 10 years is 74.5.

There has been a further decline, more or less marked, in every cotton producing State, the decline in North Carolina being 17 points, in Tennessee 12, in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Arkansas 10; in the Indian territory 8; in Alabama, Mississippi and Missouri 7; in Louisiana and Texas 6, and in Oklahoma 5 points. Florida is the only State in which the decline is not attributed wholly or in large part to the long-continued drought. The complaints of "no top crop" or of an exceptionally small one are almost universal, and the reports of small bolls and short staple are very numerous. The only favorable reports are those which relate to the condition of picking, which are in the main everything that could be desired.

The averages by States are as follows: Virginia, 70; North Carolina, 78; South Carolina, 74; Georgia, 70; Florida, 76; Alabama, 73; Mississippi, 74; Louisiana, 73; Texas, 64; Arkansas, 67; Tennessee, 65; Missouri, 74; Oklahoma, 90; Indian Territory, 85.

Bridge: "Ye give them cows too much salt." Milkman: "How do yer know?" Bridge: "Sure, and O! can till by th' milk, that they drink too much water intirely." Credit Lost.

#### STATE NEWS.

The effort is being made to arrange a line of steamers from Charleston to Nassau, and there is a possibility of success.

Dispenser Scott, of Columbia, will be prosecuted at the approaching term of court on the charge of misappropriating public funds.

According to The State, the committee is not meeting with very encouraging success in raising funds for a street display at the State Fair.

Past Assistant Surgeon W. B. Bratton, son of Gen. Jno. Bratton, was buried at Winnsboro last Saturday, Rev. Benjamin Alston conducting the funeral service.

Some of the sophomores at the Citadel handled one of the new cadets roughly in a hazing scrape, and they will be required to answer for their conduct.

Hon. Joseph Wofford Tucker, at one time a prominent citizen of Spartanburg, died on the 7th inst. at his residence in Sanford, Fla., aged 77 years.—Greenville Mountaineer.

#### Don't FOOL YOUR Pocket Book

That you can do as well Somewhere else.

#### GET OUR PRICES

First and compare with the other fellow's before you part with your dollar.

#### OUR STOCK OF

HARDWARE, GROCERY and GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHINGS is Clean, New and Up-to-date. Our goods are bought in large quantities with the cold Cash, and our prices are right. Special prices to contractors and merchants. Everything guaranteed as represented.

Yours truly,

ROSBOROUGH & McLURE.

#### Do You Chew?

Try Fischel's Tobacco.

#### Do You Smoke?

Try Fischel's Cigars.

#### Do You Eat?

Try Fischel's Fancy Groceries.

#### Have You a Girl?

Bait her with Fischel's

Fancy Candies.

#### Have You a Beau?

Decoy him into Fischel's.

#### PROFESSIONAL.

R. B. CALDWELL,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Walker Bldg., Canawha, S. C.

Prompt and careful attention given to all business. Will practice in this and adjoining counties.

#### Teachers and Others

Having official business with me will please take notice that my office days are MONDAYS and SATURDAYS.

W. D. KNOX,

County Superintendent of Education.

THEO. L. SHIVER,

POPULAR BARBER.

NEXT DOOR TO FAIRVIEW HOTEL.

J. W. CROCKETT,

BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.

Next door to Stahin's Jewelry Store.

KEEP OFF 'N  
THE  
GRASS

THIS PLAT BELONGS TO

Jos. Wylie & Co.

KEEP TO THE GRAVELED  
WALK THAT  
LEADS INTO THEIR MAM-  
MOTH ESTABLISHMENT.

THIS SPACE

IS RESERVED  
FOR

S. M. Jones & Co.



## BUSINESS LOCALS.

Advertisements inserted under this head at ten cents a line.  
No advertisements inserted as reading matter.

Go to Rader's Gallery, over bookstore, and get a life size Crayon Portrait, for \$1.00 extra, with every dozen Cabinets.

Mr. Editor: Owing to unavoidable circumstances, I shall not be able to move into my new store before November 1st, 1897.  
Jos. A. WALKER.

## Stray Colt.

Dark bay, very heavy tail, hind feet white, apparently 18 months to two years old, came to my house Oct. 4th, will be delivered to owner on paying for feed and this advertisement.  
W. H. GRANT,  
Oct. 13th, Lando, S. C.

## LOCAL NEWS.

Rock Hill is now connected with Yorkville, by telephone.

Sewerage pipes are being laid on Pickens street. The good work progresses satisfactorily.

If you receive this paper and are not a subscriber, don't be afraid that you will be called on to pay for it.

Court opens here next Monday. The criminal business will probably be finished in three or four days.

Dr. W. S. Gregg has greatly improved his fine property, known as the Coussar place, with new shingles and paint.

The insurance agency of J. W. Means & Co. will be found in the rear room of Hamilton's book store about the 1st of November.

Dr. Gregg will continue his improvements by brushing up his property at the corner of Main and Wylie streets, occupied by Mr. J. L. Simmons.

The theme of the sermon at the Baptist church next Sunday morning will be "The mind that was in Christ." At night the pastor will preach on "Christianity's Challenge to Doubt."

We learn, through the Lancaster Ledger that Mr. Samuel Friedheim has sold his Landsford plantation and store to Messrs. J. M. Hough, of Chesterfield, and Frank Hough, of Fort Lawn.

Mr. Jesse H. Hardin obtained the prize of \$25 offered by the Lockart Manufacturing Company to the farmer who sold the largest number of bales of cotton at their mill during the month of September.

A gentleman from Kentucky, who remained in our town several days, received a letter from his home stating that a very serious drought was prevailing in Kentucky, and that they were hauling water six miles to give to the stock.

Mr. Gresham states that the travel over the G., C. & N. is not so bad as it was on account of the prevalence of the yellow fever. For this reason he has not supplied so many people with meals.

John Colvin (col.) was up before Magistrate Williams, yesterday charged with stealing cotton from the field. His case was dismissed on account of insufficiency of testimony on the part of the prosecution. R. B. Caldwell, Esq., represented the defendant.

A circus company will perform at this place in a few weeks. Of course there will be those who will raise a sufficient amount of money to go to the circus, but are entirely too poor to take a county paper. An investment in THE LANTERN will afford more permanent pleasure than the circus. Try it.

A Chester lady attended an old-time quilting party at Blackstock, and wrote a spicy account of it to a church paper. When the quilt was finished, the cat was brought in and put upon the outstretched quilt, which was held aloft by the eligible ladies present. Now the one over whom it leaped out is daily looking for something to turn up.

Chester has two of the most complete livery stables in the State.

zer. This is a great inducement for Tennessee and Kentucky men with horses for sale to stop here. They can obtain satisfactory accommodations, not only for themselves, but for their horses also.

The humorous comedy drama "Joshua Simpkins," will be seen at the Opera House Friday evening, Oct. 22. It is a rural play in four acts, bound together by an interesting plot and produced with special scenery carried by the company. There is an abundance of comedy in the play, while there are many fine specialties incidentally introduced.

## Date Changed.

The Exposition announced in our Tuesday's issue to open on Wednesday the 20th will open Tuesday evening the 19th.

## Dissolution of Firm.

The firm of D. Ehrlich & Co., Centre street, has recently dissolved. A. Ehrlich buying out D. Ehrlich's interest. A. Ehrlich will continue the same business on Centre street, while D. Ehrlich will conduct the furniture business on Main street. Both of these stores are well supplied with various articles in the furniture line, and present a handsome appearance.

## Fire at Rock Hill.

Last afternoon, the large livery stable owned by S. Friedheim and occupied by Kerr and Heath, was burned, together with three tenements near by. Of 56 head of stock in the stable all were saved except one horse, which was in a box stall and overlooked. The buildings, feed stuffs, vehicles and other things lost are valued at about \$10,000, insurance about \$7,200.

## A Brave Woman.

Miss Annie May Lipsey will complete her course for trained nurse, in New York, in a month, when she will return home, after an absence of two years. During this time she has been called upon to grieve, far from home and among strangers, for the loss of her mother, yet she has clung to her purpose with a tenacity that forbids the suggestion of failure.

## PERSONALS.

Mr. J. C. McLure is now treasurer of Bethel Presbytery.

Mr. and Mrs. Nutt, of Norfolk, are visiting at Capt. E. P. Moore's.

We learn that Mr. Elihu Gladden, of Beckhamville, is quite ill.

Dr. S. M. DaVega was called to Yorkville Wednesday on professional business.

Mrs. A. G. Brice, left this forenoon for a ten days visit to Mrs. McCaw at Yorkville.

S. E. McFadden, Esq., spent Thursday in Columbia on professional business.

A. G. Brice, Esq., went to Charlotte, N. C., this morning on professional business.

Willie Fudge, who arrived home from Nashville Monday, is quite feeble.

Mr. T. A. McNinch, of Lowryville, thinks cotton, especially sandy land, will turn out even lighter than expected.

Mr. W. S. Barber, of the eastern portion of the county, who has been in Texas three years, was in our office this morning. He thinks Texas a good country.

Mr. H. W. Hafner, agent for the Elberton Oil Co., and the Southern Oil Mill Co., is rebuilding the destroyed warehouse lately destroyed by fire.

Ms. J. N. Cross, agent for the South Carolina Oil Co., has completed the rebuilding of the warehouse destroyed by fire.

quick work.  
Mrs. J. A. Tobin, and children, have returned to Barnwell, and Mrs. Harry to Salisbury, after attending the festivities of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Cassels.

## Personals from Richburg.

Mr. R. A. Stephenson, of Ross, and Miss Del Clark, of Richburg, were married on the 13th at 3 p. m., at the residence of Dr. W. D. K. Wylie, brother of the bride.

Misses Margie Witherspoon and Addie Carter, of Lancaster, who have been visiting friends here, have returned home.

Miss Lois Drennan, who has been visiting her home at this place, returned Monday to her school at Clover, S. C.

Miss Annie Barber is visiting her brother, James A. Barber, Mr. F. H. Barber, of Rock Hill, is in town to-day.

Mrs. J. C. McCullough, of Lewisville, died on Wednesday last from accidental poisoning with strychnine.

Miss Mary Wylie is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Hicklin, at Guthrieville.

Mr. J. Amory Crockett, who is in business at Heath Springs, came home on a visit to his parents last week.

The "Royal Three," successors to the "Big Four," were pleased to have their president with them one night last week.

## "The Lonely One."

## A Wedding and a Golden Wedding.

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Cassels, by a reunion of the children and grand-children, together with other invited guests, at the old home in Chester county, S. C., on October the 12th, 1897, was one of those occasions strangely intermingled with the gladness and sadness of matured years of experience on the one side, and youthful hopefulness on the other. A half century of actual experience in the hard battles of life, side by side, especially through such years as from 1847 to 1897, accomplishes much in the removal of that blushing bashfulness and tedious timidity which usually characterize the young couple in approaching the marriage altar. Fifty years have removed the embarrassment of youth and developed these old people into the sturdiness and settledness of matured character that produces an air of composure upon all about them.

Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Cassels have been for many years as the pillars of New Hope Church, and of the society of that neighborhood. Representing as they do a type of industry, citizenship and Christianity becoming to the times, they have exerted a wholesome influence upon the community and made many lasting friends.

The day was propitious, preceded by a few showers that cleared the sky, lightened the atmosphere and allayed the dust in travel, a bright autumn day, with a few velvety clouds moving majestically across the deep blue, and seldom obscuring the face of the sun.

The guests who were invited to celebrate "The Golden Wedding" began to assemble about ten o'clock and soon detected from gorgeous decorations and significant inscriptions, in hall and parlor, that "that which hath been is yet to be." Just at noon the suspicious guests were assembled in the parlor and the noise of conversation which had already assumed a lower and more solemn tone was hushed by the sweet melodies of the wedding march, executed by Miss Mattie Mills, of Blackstock, and the appearance of children laden with flowers marching leisurely down the stairway, immediately followed by attendants, and finally by Miss Kathlene L. Cassels, a grand-daughter, and Dr. David M. Providence, of Fairfield, who with their attendants took position under the golden bell and were united in matrimony by the writer.

Thus the union of fifty years ago was celebrated by the marriage of the grand daughter. The bride, a hearty congratulations and good wishes of the whole company were showered upon the old and the young together. May the career of the young couple be as eminently happy, prosperous and useful as that of the old has been.

The writer was accorded the honor of presiding at the table, with the aged bride and groom on his right and the young bride and groom on his left. At the conclusion of the program, the president raised the question as to whose wedding the occasion really celebrated, and Mr. J. H. Buchanan, editor of the Chester Reporter, was requested to sit as Judge in the case, while Mr. J. K. Henry, as dist. solicitor, was to represent the State in prosecution, and Geo. W. Gage, Esq., the defendant, the remaining guests acting as jury.

After toasts and tasteful representation on both sides the Judge decided that it was clearly the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Cassels, and that inasmuch as the young couple, in response to the solemn questions propounded in the parlor by the minister, had unanimously replied that they would; therefore, it is also their "wooden" wedding. In this decision all the jury most heartily concurred by saying "aye" and arising from the table.

In a few hours the crowd began to disperse. Ah! yes, to disperse, and may be, never all to meet again in this world. May the great and good Father go with them and keep them all.

J. E. Mahaffey.

Lowryville, S. C., Oct. 14, 1897.

## Lando Letter.

We have heard the first edition of THE LANTERN highly spoken of, and many of our citizens speak of giving it their support.

Recently a number of our young people have gone from home to take up their studies in the college of their choice. Two sons of Rev. C. B. Betts, with Fred Atkinson, and our young friend Samuel Martin, are at Due West; and Wofford College has as our representative Mr. James Lynn.

The Mannetta Mills Mfg. Co., which is the successor to the old Fishing Creek, has recently raised its dam about two feet. This will add greatly to the power, and it is thought that this will give them water enough to turn all of the machinery even when the creek is at its lowest.

At present this plant is running eleven hours per day, but the manager, our genial young friend, B. W. Heath, informs us that by the 30th inst. they hope to put on a night force also.

Mr. Arthur Lynn, who until recently has been in college at Richmond, Kentucky, is now at home. Arthur is one of our most popular young men and it is to be hoped that he will remain with us permanently.

On Tuesday night the ladies of the A. R. P. Church gave an entertainment at Edgemoor. We have not heard what the receipts were, but hope that it was a financial success.

Our merchants have generally bought large stocks of goods, expecting a heavy trade, but owing to the shortness of the crops and low prices of cotton, trade will hardly come up to their expectations.

Our leading farmers now concede that there will be made not over two thirds of a cotton crop in this section.

The corn crop is good but not up to the average of the last few years. FARMER.

Harrison Edwards, colored, was run over by a shifting engine at the South this morning and had both legs badly mangled.

The cadets say there has been no hanging at the Citadel since it was abolished by themselves three years ago. There is some guffing at first, and some are overcome by home-sickness.

## Feasterville and Wolling Items.

Mr. Editor: There was a good rain on the 12th and 13th inst., the 14th inst. was a fine day.

The greater part of the cotton in this section has been picked, and some of our farmers say it will not turn out as much as they thought it would.

The people are beginning to gather corn. Very few oats sown yet. Turnip patches are late on account of the recent drought.

There are some good cotton pickers in this section. Will Lettner, who works for N. T. Taylor, went to the field some time about the first of September, and, starting after rain, picked one hundred and sixty-eight pounds of the Peterkin cotton by half-past eleven o'clock.

The young people of the community had an entertainment at Mr. W. J. Keller's on the night of the eighth inst.

Prof. and Mrs. D. B. Busby, of Saluda county, have been visiting Mrs. Busby's father, Mr. C. W. Fayette. Both Mr. and Mrs. Busby taught for four or five years in this community. He had the best school in Fairfield county. Had, several times, as many as seventy or eighty pupils. The writer will long remember the pleasant and profitable time spent at the Crosby Institute, under the efficient management of these eminent teachers.

Mr. D. E. Anderson, of York county, is teaching the school at Feasterville. Miss Eugenia Douglass, of Albion, is teaching the school at the Crosby Institute. Both of the above mentioned schools have a good attendance of pupils.

Mr. Frank Thayer, of Iowa, is visiting at Mr. W. J. Keller's.

Several of our young men have bought bicycles. Mr. Treznar Wolling, not long since, rode two and a half miles in ten minutes over a road with three hills in it. Pretty good speed for a wheelman in the country, where he came in contact with two or three sand falls, which tended to impede his progress.

Mr. D. P. Crosby rode a bicycle from his home to Chester, a distance of sixteen miles, in one hour and fifty minutes. Pretty good for that distance in a hilly country.

It is rumored that Mr. Crosby intends to move to Chester sometime this winter. Mr. Crosby is an enterprising and public-spirited citizen, and his many friends will regret to hear him leave the community.

I am yours truly,

ROBT. R. JEFFARES.

Oct. 14, 1897.

## Items From Haisellville.

Dr. T. W. Smith, of Kinards, Newberry county, is visiting Mr. W. S. Durham.

Mr. James Robinson, of Covington, Ga., who has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Mary Robinson, and other relatives, left this week for home.

Miss Mary Joe Witherspoon, of Yorkville, is teaching at the Haisellville Academy.

Miss Ige Hunter, of Chester, is visiting at Mr. M. J. Colvin's.

Messrs. J. T. Castles and R. C. Grant, who have been visiting re-

lative and friends for the past fortnight in York county, returned home a few days ago.

at Beaver Creek last Sunday night. Mrs. David Weir, a lady of about seventy years, died last Saturday night and was buried at the Beaver Creek grave yard Sunday. Rev. J. H. Yarbrough conducted the funeral service. Mrs. Weir was a good, pious lady and was a member of Beaver Creek Baptist church for a number of years.

THE LANTERN is a welcome visitor, for it comes twice a week full of news, and the latest. Those who have seen a copy of the paper give it all praise.

Much success to THE LANTERN and its able editor.

Oct. 14, 1897.

## Chester Feels Interested.

The many friends of Mrs. Maud McLure, formerly of our town, will be pleased to hear of her achievements in music. She recently displayed her great musical talent before admiring audiences in Columbus and Atlanta. Her last performance was in the latter city and is happily mentioned in a late issue of the Atlanta Journal, in which this paragraph occurs:

Mrs. McLure, who assisted Mr. Brown, has a contralto voice of wide range, which has been cultivated to a high state of perfection. While there is a strange quality—perhaps altogether original quality—would be better—pervading her registers, it is altogether charming and but adds to the interest one feels in listening to this lovely Southern woman, whose attractiveness of appearance and manner is only exceeded by the excellence of her artistic work.

## Statement.

Mr. Editor:

As there seems to be some misunderstanding amongst the policy holders in the Farmers' Mutual Association in reference to the loss sustained by Mrs. M. J. Brown, of Rossby, who is a policy holder in said association, the following information is respectfully submitted:

Dwelling house valued at. \$1,650  
Furniture in same. 400  
Cook's house adjoining. 25

Total valuation. \$2,075

Mrs. M. W. Robinson's furniture in Mrs. Brown's house, insured for. 175  
Estimated value of furniture saved. 36

\$ 139

Assessment for back debt of the association. 400  
Mrs. Brown's loss brought down. 2,011

Aggregate assessment. \$2,550  
I trust that this explanation will be satisfactory to the policy holders, and to that end you will please publish the above, and much oblige.

Yours respectfully,  
W. S. Brown, Agent.

T. Ross Robinson, postmaster at Charlotte, has been succeeded by J. W. Mullen, a Republican.

## Good Coffee!

THERE ARE TWO THINGS TO LEARN  
IN BUYING GOODS:

1. To get the MOST for the PRICE.
2. To get the BEST for the PRICE.

## In Buying Our Coffees

YOU GET THE SAME QUANTITY AT THE SAME PRICE THAT YOU PAY FOR OTHER COFFEES. BUT! GOOD JUDGES PRO-  
NOUNCE THAT THE MEASURE OF QUALITY IS MORE LIBERAL.

MORAL: Investigate. Give us an Order.

Wm. LINDSAY & SON

IN THE VALLEY



# FRANKIE

CHARLES L. HILDRETH.

(Copyright, 1917, by the Author.)

## CHAPTER I.

Why he should have chosen such a spot for his dwelling no one could imagine. The "Valley of Death," the old Spanish settlers had called it, and it deserved its title, for a more utterly hopeless, desolate, barren region was not to be found in all Arizona. Within 15 minutes' ride from the fort there were half a dozen excellent "sections" supplied with abundance of elm, cottonwood, mesquite and water, any one of which he might have had for the taking, to say nothing of contiguity to the post—no small matter in a country where any day in the year might be called upon to defend one's life and property against the very worst savages on the globe.

But Omer ignored all such considerations. A desperado of the first order, he went out from the fort one day to warn him against the folly of his course. He received us with grave courtesy, listened to what we had to say, but politely declined our advice. The spot he had chosen suited his purpose, he said, and he saw no reason to change.

We argued with him, representing his exposed situation, the absolute certainty, sooner or later, of a visit from the marauding Apaches, which of course meant robbery, arson and murder, and the impossibility of timely aid from the fort, but argument, warning and remonstrance were vain. He was inflexible, and we retired in a disgust, for we very frankly intimated that he was not at all grateful for our interference and preferred to be left strictly to himself. He had selected a dwelling place which he believed neither white nor Indian would dispute with him, and all that he asked was to be left alone. So he told us to plain terms.

He had built himself a hut of split oregon logs chinked with clay and thatched with the broad, tough leaves of the sand palm, whose thick, oily fronds shed water like glass. The hut—facing the Mexicans called it—was divided into two apartments, the larger occupied by his Mustang and the smaller by himself and his setter dog. Other companions he had none.

I caught a glimpse of some books in a rack against the wall. There were an inkstand, pen and paper upon his pine table, under which were carefully hidden a Winchester repeater, an ammunition belt, a hunting knife and a huge revolver. He wore a cheap flannel shirt, rough trousers thrust into common, awkward boots heavily spurred and a cheap slouch felt hat, but I detected a pair of fine black cloth hanging in a corner of the room, and there were other evidences of past refinement about the place, more or less hidden, but still evident to an observant eye.

"Confound the fellow!" growled Lieutenant Reed as we rode homeward discomfited and angry. "He will lose his scalp one of these days. Serve him right, too, the obstinate beggar! But there is something about the man I like in spite of his sins. I'd give a month's pay to know his past history."

"Perhaps it's the old soldier story," I suggested. "A scrap of some kind. Some old battle, a sudden attack, and all the rest of it."

"No," replied Reed positively. "He is sure it's not that. He is so common that I'd make my commission on that."

I agreed with him, and our rebuff only stimulated my curiosity the more and made me the more determined to penetrate the mystery surrounding this strange man living alone out there in the "Valley of Death." A week later I rode to Omer's place by myself. He

to his breath, then, turning sharp upon me, said, "And you, what business have you with me, sir, what do you want?"

"I was so disconcerted that for the moment I had no answer ready. "Why do you come here?" he went on when I have told him he was standing with sufficient plainness that I desire no visitors?"

"You are hardly courteous, sir," I managed to reply. "I have no intention of being so," he said in the same uncompromising tone. "I wish to see nobody. I wish to be left entirely to myself. I cautioned myself in this barren spot hoping that I should escape intrusion upon my privacy, but it seems that I am to be persecuted by every impudent fellow who takes it into his head to force himself upon me."

"You have said quite enough, sir," I retorted contemptuously. "You are upon your own ground here, and I am an intruder, as you intimate, though I trust not an impertinent one. I beg your pardon and bid you good day."

He looked surprised at my abruptness, but said nothing, as I turned and walked quietly to where my horse was fastened. As I was preparing to mount, however, he called out to me and I saw him smile. "Wait a moment, sir. I ask your pardon most sincerely. I am conscious that I have treated you very shabbily. They are realists here, and I am added—but accept my apologies and do me the favor to enter my house, such as it is."

His conciliatory manner backed by my consuming curiosity placed me very readily. I turned back and accepted his offered hand. "Come in," he said. "Your setter dog must have an appetite, and if you can put up with an antelope steak broiled upon the coals just at dinner. I can offer you no better fare."

I blithely frank acceptance of his invitation did more to establish friendly relations between us than any amount of talk would have done. I ate his antelope steak with hearty appreciation. After an hour's conversation, during which I learned no more of his past history than I knew at the beginning, I bade him farewell and rode away.

He invited me to come again, but begged me to keep my visits a secret from my fellow officers at the fort. Omer, he added, with a melancholy smile, he would be forced to pull up stakes and seek seclusion still deeper in the heart of the desert.

## CHAPTER II.

I kept his counsel and thereafter made a practice of riding out to his place once or twice a week.

He always welcomed me as if glad to see me, and I thought he really came to like me. But I made no advances in his confidence. The whole time I was there he past turned him cold and stern in an instant. I gathered from his talk that he and once been well to do, had occupied some position in the world, but ignorant of the customs of good society. But beyond that I could not lead him by my most cautious and skillful diplomacy.

Once indeed I caught a glimpse of his secret, though so vague that it revealed through an outbreak of passion which might destroy me. I saw him

I had been pressing him to give up his unsocial habits and to visit the post. He had a small contingent of ladies who were his friends, and he was the officers, who would be pleased to add him to the number of their friends. He smiled, but shook his head in his usual manner.

"Come, now," I said persuasively. "You will find yourself a favorite, I assure you. Besides, we have just instituted a tennis club, and you would be exactly the man."

I stopped short, literally appalled by the change in his features. His face became livid, he started to his feet and stared at me with an expression of mingled rage and misery.

"Tennis!" he rather shrieked then said. "You would like to take me to that infernal pastime, which has made me what I am, an outcast, a homeless wanderer in the face of the earth, which has deprived me of everything I held dear on earth?"

"But tennis!" I replied to utter amazement. "Barely so innocent and harmless an amusement?"

"Innocent! Harmless!" he repeated. "Man, it has made me a criminal, worse than a murderer. It has devoted me while I live to solitude, loneliness, remorse."

I could do nothing but gaze at him in helpless wonder. He saw the effect of his ravine upon me, and he smiled at himself with a great effort and sank back into his seat, wiping the drops of sweat from his forehead.

"Pardon me, sir," he said faintly. "I must seem a madman to you, but I have associations of the most painful kind with the tennis racket. I saw that he could not bring himself to utter the name. "Please forget what I have said and do not repeat that—that subject again."

I promised and left him, considerably upset by my experience.

On my return to the fort I found the garrison in a state of unbecoming excitement. A rumor had brought in the news that Chief Omer and his Apaches had again broken out from their mountain fastnesses, were burning, destroying and murdering in their customary fashion. Within the

hour another courier had arrived from the eastward with the information that several of the Apaches had been killed. A message on the back of a horse mustang had been dispatched to warn him of the danger, so that he might not undertake the journey from the station at Guadalupe over a region sure to be infested by the Indians before he could reach the fort. But those of us who knew Colonel Montgomery were not at all surprised at the warning. It would affect him, except indeed to confirm him in his determination to make the trip. He is a plucky fellow, and he is a brave one, pluck and courage follow in the service. He had but to receive a word of advice, however respectfully worded, from an inferior to decide him immovably against it. Moreover, he would be the more certain to receive suggestions from those whose experience might have taught him something.

"I will be sure to try it," grumbled Reed, "and before tomorrow night that devil Colorado will be in the Skaas pass. A little scalping might do the old fool good, but I am thinking of the women."

The result of our council was that I started at daylight on the following morning with a troop to effect if possible the rescue of the colonel and his party.

I question if you will get there in time," said Reed. "It will be touch and go anyway. But you can try it. If he loses his hair and the women are carried off, he'll have nobody to blame but himself."

We had ridden hard for four hours without meeting with any disturbing sign, when Sergeant Jennings, who was acting as advance guard and guide, brought us to a sudden halt. He had dismounted and was bending over some object in the short turf. I got out of the saddle and went to him.

"What is it?" I asked. "A white man has been over this route not two hours ahead of us," he replied.

"Why not an Indian?" I inquired, studying the deeply indented track.

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the rugged trail leading to the pass. While we were scrambling up the steep, rocky slope, the colonel and his party were seen in the distance, struggling with the elements.

"I saw one of the shapes on horseback bend down and drag one of the females to the ground. Then another figure on foot darted toward him. There was a double stream of red fire, and the shape on horseback threw up a pair of naked arms, and I heard a loud howl of agony to the earth. The figure on foot assisted the female to the ground, then clasping both hands before his face sank in a heap at her feet."

The whole of this picture impressed itself upon my brain in a succession of lightning flashes. Then I was in the saddle again, and I looked back over my shoulder at the scene of horror. I recall only a confused plunging of infuriated horses, a wheeling and snatching of arms, a red comet's head in the air, all working away, doubtless with some commendable in a young officer.

The skirmish was a matter of less than five minutes. Within that time most of the Apaches who were not left dead or wounded upon the field, scrambling up the heights for their miserable lives, had retreated to the top of the mesa and began to take note of our own condition.

One of my troopers was badly hurt in the attack, and another's horse was killed. The man was broken by a ball, and the other was wounded on the head. The man was broken by a ball, and the other was wounded on the head.

"You have done well, sir," he continued to remark. "Very well indeed. But that I could not help. I, sir, we should have thrashed them all the same"—which was not true—"but I thank you, lieutenant."

"I wonder if any trying out in an anguished tone: "Father! Father! He is dead! Come here!" interrupted our conference.

We hurried to where a number of troopers, some bearing torches ignited at the smoldering campfire, had gathered about a prone figure, whose head was supported upon a girl's knee. The man's face was so covered with blood from a wound that I did not recognize him at first. He wore civilian's dress, and his right hand still clutched a revolver.

"Hello!" cried the colonel, his generous feelings in the ascendant for once. "That is the fellow who shot at me. I warned of the attack! He fought like a paladin. I never saw such utter reckless gallantry, and I have seen some pretty things in my time. A civilian! A civilian at that! I sincerely hope he is not badly hurt."

"Dead! Dead!" sobbed the girl heart-brokenly. "He saved me at the sacrifice of his own life."

"No, miss," said Sergeant Jennings, who had been examining the inanimate body. "badly wounded, but still alive."

"Oh, thank and bless you for those words!" cried the girl, raising her white face and gazing back her lowered eyes. "Then, by the flare of the torches, I saw that she was one of the loveliest beings I have ever beheld; that she would have died with her eyes fixed on me, as she was in figure, but for one defect—she was blind of one eye."

The ball struck him just here on the temple," said Jennings. "It's a good wound, but there is a good chance for him to pull through."

Murmuring again, "Bless and thank you," the girl bent over him and wiped the blood from his face with her handkerchief.

"It is odd," said the colonel. "I seem to know that woman. I've seen her somewhere. There was something familiar in his voice, too, as he came rushing to before the skirmish."

"Look! Father!" he cried his daughter, turning the unconscious face more to the light of the torches.

"Heavy Omer!" ejaculated the colonel. "And at the same instant I recognized my mysterious friend."

"What does it mean?" continued the colonel, with an expression of mingled incredulity and surprise in his grizzled features. "He was thought to be dead."

"And dead he will be," interrupted Sergeant Jennings blantly. "If we don't get him to the fort soon, he's a goner."

The necessary orders were issued, and half an hour later, with our wounded and beloved upon improvised stretchers, we rode up the steep, rocky slope to the place where the Apaches were seen in the distance.

We reached the fort without any opposition from the Apaches, and Omer was called in to a doctor's quarters. The surgeon's case, with Agnes for nurse. For a week he lay suffering from fever and death, then was pronounced out of danger.

One day I went over to the colonel's dwelling. Propped upon pillows, looking weakly haggard and weak, with a bandage across his eyes, he greeted me. Standing at his bedside, I

one of his thin hands in both of mine, was Agnes Montgomery, looking so pale, so weak, so miserable, so observant.

Omer smiled faintly as I approached him and held out his other hand. I put my arms round him, sympathy for his misfortune and congratulated him upon his escape from a worse fate.

"You may well congratulate me," he said, "for I am the happiest man on this side of the mountains."

"But you do not know," added Agnes, earth, I fully believe. The doctor tells me I shall lose the sight of one eye."

"But that, it seems to me"—I began dubiously.

"The worst reason," he interrupted. "Yes, the loss of this eye is a reparation."

"Oh, Henry!" the girl exclaimed in a pained voice.

"It is no, Agnes," he said, with a tender smile. "I feel that Providence has dealt not only justly, but kindly, with me. If I have lost an eye for an eye, and I am only too happy that the price has been accepted."

"Turning to me, he continued: 'I am still very weak and must confess my explanation to a very few words, leaving you to guess the rest. It was at a game of tennis—his features contracted as he uttered the word—that by an unlucky blow, clumsy brute that I was—I injured the eye of the woman I loved more than my life. When I learned that he might die, I was so grieved, I did not know what to do. I traveled I know not where, until at last I found a place in the desert where I meant to drag out the remainder of my miserable existence. You wondered why I would not take your well meant warning about the Apaches. Well, in my secret heart I knew that I was a savage's land might pass a period to my wretchedness. When I learned from one of your fort messengers who stopped to water his horse, that the Apaches were on the march and the coming of Colonel Montgomery and his family, I was filled with terror and delight—terror for their peril and delight at the hope that I might perhaps sacrifice myself in the effort for their rescue. I did not join your troop, because I knew your movements must necessarily be slower than mine. I counted upon warning the colonel's party and holding the Indians in check until they could come up. You know what happened."

"But you do not know," added Agnes, blushing, very proudly. "that I loved him always; that I felt more sorrow for him than I could for myself; that the bitterest hour of my life was when the report reached me that he was dead, as the Apaches say"—she turned her eyes to the floor, as if to know that he had not perished in my defense, but would live to be my own by a double tie."

"An eye for an eye," murmured the patient, with a fond smile. "Then I discreetly withdrew."

THE END.

The books of the dispensary at Greenville show that for September this year, receipts were \$400.40 less than in September of last year, due to original package houses. Instead of a net profit this year there is a deficit of \$4.07.

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